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"THE RHYME OF F DOUBLE E"

BY

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

Said Robert Ross to Smith : "F. E.,
 The 'Movement' is in jeopardy,
 But you can pull us through I think,
 If Sheeny Lewis tips the wink.
 Our witnesses I'm sure you'll find
 The sort congenial to your mind.
 There's Charlie Garratt he's in jail
 For offering himself for sale.
 Just as you lawyers do! (How sad
 To think the Law condemns a lad
 For playing such a useful rôle
 Its too absurd upon my soul!)
 Lewis has put him in the way
 He knows exactly what to say.
 Then there's "Chris" Millard, such a dear,
 You *will* like him; he too, I fear,
 Has done a little bit of time
 For what the silly Law calls "crime".
 But that won't put you off I know,
 For did not our dear Oscar go
 Through the same martyrdom and thus
 Pre-sanctify the way for us?
 Excuse me, Mr. Smith, if here
 I pause to shed a piôus tear.

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I know you feel, as we all do,
That what that suffering Saint went through
Remains a national disgrace ;
We heard you in the Ransome Case,
And our hearts warmed to you at once ;
If Lewis had not been a dunce
He would have briefed you from the first,
Instead of Wild ; but that's the worst
Of little Georgie he's so rash
And *so* impulsive, full of dash
And sticks at nothing (that's his merit)
And sharp and nippy as a ferret,
But lacks his father's hard jew sense.
I begged him not to spare expense
I had the money there you see
For all the 'Movement's' backing me.
But Lewis *would* have Wild, he thought
No other leader could be bought
To do the dirty work, the fool
Mistrusted his own golden rule.
Would you believe he'd go so far
As quote "the honour of the Bar?"
That ancient worn out hoary myth,
Would you believe it, F. E. Smith?
He did indeed, I winked and smiled
But he was firm. Then as to Wild,
Of course the *name* appealed to me
Even without the final "E".
"What's in a name?" fair Juliet sighed,
And "What's an E" George Lewis cried.
Wild without "E", he seemed to think,
Could raise at least as great a stink,

As the real Wilde. And so I own
We took our Wild to Marylebone.
And there he played at “tug-of-war”
With silly little Comyns-Carr
“Instructed” by a Mr.^s Bell,
(Such a nice man!) and all went well
Till Crosland got into the box
And handed out some dreadful knocks.
One, two! One, two! — a single bout,
And our poor Wild was “down and out”!
But you must try a different plan,
And go for Douglas, he’s the man,
Wade in and make a foul attack
He won’t be there to hit you back!
Slander and lie, spit out black dung,
Vomit red venom, steep your tongue
In gall and bitterness, the Devil
Will help his own, the powers of evil
Will hover round in unseen flight
To fortify their chosen knight.
“Wilde and the Movement!” be your cry,
All the dear “comrades” will stand by
To cheer you on, the Court will be
Packed with our choicest chivalry.
The fairest Gitons of the town,
With scented locks, fair, red or brown.
Curled *à la Garratt*, and rouged lips,
And powdered cheeks and rolling hips,
And sweet shrill voices clamant with
The praises of “dear Mr. Smith”,
Will rally round your standard daily
And make a sump of the Old Bailey.

In this congenial atmosphere
Your native talents will appear,
You'll smash old Crosland, a mere boor,
A "minor author" ill and poor,
With only Hayes to help him out.
He knocked out Ernest Wild no doubt,
But you're a different pair of horses,
You'll eat him up in several courses.
A man who's not ashamed, just think,
To stand a charwoman a drink!
How low! How common! You and I,
My dear F. E., would rather die
Than so degrade ourselves, but we
Are in the best Society.
I'm "right in" with the Asquith set,
In fact I'm Mrs. Asquith's pet,
And one thing's certain, lose or win,
She'll stick to me through thick and thin.
You should have seen the way she backed me
When that infernal brute attacked me.
(Douglas I mean) at Queen Anne's Gate,
At the Glenconners, why she sate
And positively held my hand
Till he went out, Oh, it was grand,
With all his people glowering round!
But thanks to her I held my ground.
And what was even more and better
She made Glenconner write a letter
Full of servile civility,
It's been most valuable to me.
And your position is immense
Thanks to George Wyndham's influence.

How kind he was to you we know;
It's strange that both of us should owe
Our present brilliant social stations
Chiefly to Douglas's relations!
But so it is. Dear simple folk —
And they don't see it, that's the joke.
I used to keep a little shop,
And here I am right on the top.
Your time with Dukes and Lords you spend
You that were "Bottomley's young friend"
What luck for you he took you up,
And what a rise since then! Your cup
Is surely full and poor old Bot
Can take a back seat now; eh, what?
But now to business, here's the "stuff",
Five hundred guineas? — Not enough?
O come, I say, well make it six,
Or eight, don't put me in a fix.
You want a thousand? Oh, dear Lord,
I simply won't. I can't afford. . . .
Not a quid less? Well you *are* hot!
You're a sheer credit to old Bot.
So be it then, coin isn't lacking,
I've got a pretty solid backing.
There's Dash and Blank and You-Know-Who
The "hooded M. P." Lewis too
Will stretch a point to help I know,
He loathes and fears Lord Alfred so.
And Crosland too he hates like Sin,
He'd give his soul to "do them in".
And while I think of it F. E.,
I'll drop a line to Colonel C. . . .

He'll lend a hand to help us through ;
We are so popular, our crew.
The "Movement's" spreading very fast
We'll rope the whole town in at last,
And then what glorious times we'll have,
We'll raise dear Oscar from his grave,
And build a temple to the cult
And you shall sing "Quicunque vult"
For the new Faith! And now farewell
Long live the cult, three cheers for Hell!
Hell on Earth and the devils loose,
(Broth of Hell and stew in the juice!)
Consign all prudes to shame and sorrow
And up with Sodom and Gommorah"

* * * *

Thus Robert Ross to Smith K. C.,
Who straight agreed to earn his fee,
By making, without conscience clause,
The worse appear the better cause.
Small time he took his brief to con
But put the Sophist's mantle on,
And forth from lucre-purchased lips
Came sneers and gibes and twisted quips,
And ugly lies with fair words drest,
Spawn of the devil in his breast,
Got on low greed and lust for gold,
When Faith was dead and Honour sold.
But all in vain for Truth is great
And shall prevail. The Syndicate

Of perjured Sodomites sat there
And gnashed their teeth and tore their hair
And all their bottle — holding crew,
Lister and Wild and George the jew,
Looked on aghast with grief and pain
(The tears of Millard fell like rain).
Never was such complete disaster,
“The great F. E” had met his master!
For Crosland tore him limb from limb
And wiped the dusty floor with him.
And Cecil upper-cut him sweetly,
And the Judge finished him completely.
The Court was full of grins and chuckles
When Avory rapped him on the knuckles
And took him down a score of pegs,
Till with his tail between his legs,
Like a well-walloped fox-hound pup,
He bolted at the summing-up!
So much for Smith. He stands revealed :
The “gentleman” is hairy-heeled
Under his patent leather boots,
His “get-up” at the ducal “shoots”
Of Blenheim’s smirking auctioneer
Is just sartorial veneer
To hide a very ugly heart
That’s filled up with “exchange and mart”.
His sentiments are so much tripe
And he’ll be rotten before he’s ripe.

* * * *

Now Freddie Smith we know you for
A tainted Privy Councillor.
A hireling who will prosecute
For any Sodomitic brute
Who thinks you worth your dirty fee, —
Bottomley's boy, the dud K. C.,
Who pawns the honour of the Bar
To pay for a new motor-car.
A mixer up of wrongs and rights
A smiler upon catamites.
A master of low down decrying
Whom Avory J., pulled up for lying.
A "moral bankrupt" fine and large
Who cannot hope for his discharge.
Ah, Freddie, Robert Ross's kiss
Was fatal to your hopes I wis,
As gin was fatal to the parrot
Or Millard's kiss to the boy Garratt!
Who'll look at you again dear Fred,
Lives there a man with soul so dead?
Even in Ulster they'll eschew you,
And in "the House" askance they'll view you.
You'll hear them whisper: "We can't sit
Upon this honest floor with *IT*.
O, Smith you've taken Ross's "thou",
You'll take the Chiltern Hundreds now!"

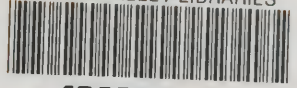
N. B — A copy of this Poem will be forwarded to any-
address on receipt of NINE PENNY STAMPS. —
Application to be made direct to Lord Alfred Douglas,
102, rue de Boston, Boulogne-sur-Mer, France.



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